May 13, 1827

I am Matthew Jones and this is my journal that I have just found in the back of the wagon. It has not been written in so I will write in it. Today we ware half way to Santa Fe New Mexico. We traveled from a small town, my hometown, just outside Independence were we bought all of our supplies. We bought two oxen, a lot of food, guns and powder with musket balls. The next day me and my two older brothers and my three younger sisters. We were to meet with some strangers that only one of my younger sisters had been acquainted with. The first month was hard to get use to. Waking up day after day with extreme temperatures was hard. But seeing the scenery that we had saw along the trip was beautiful. The lakes were filled with glowing blue water and the mountains reached to the skies. Though there were many hardships. The wagon though was not the sturdiest of all. We suffered many broken wheels and after trying to ford the rivers some parts of the wagon rotted. The wagon though took a real beating when we were attacked by wild Indians that claimed the lives of my brother Joseph and my brother in law Christopher. On our way through Pawnee Rock when something came over the hills. We were in a small caravan so we stood no chance and they clearly saw us so we could not outrun them or fight them. The only thing we could do was to hide and hope. Joe’s children had no idea what was going on so they acted as if they were in no danger. Several groups of the wild Indians passed but one last group had passed and had spotted us. Joe, my other brother, my two brother in laws, and I took what we had for weapons and defended ourselves and everyone else. We were clearly outnumbered but we held them off. Luckily they did not go and get the others. By the end of the fighting about a dozen men were on the ground. I noticed the only two familiar faces out of the people on the ground. Joe was killed instantly but Christopher was still living. We had tried all we could do but it was no use. My sister wept for several days and tried to get over her loss. A month had passed and we had reached Fort Atkinson. The people there treated us with respect and treated our wounds. Three days had passed and we set off. Today is the actual day I am writing. The few weeks that we had since we left Fort Atkinson were hard. We were short on water and food. As we speak I am under the stars thinking about what lies ahead.

By: Matthew J.